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In Memoriam

VERY REV. EDWARD SORIN, C. S. C.,

Obiit October 31, 1893.

HOW sad, how strange, this last dread Hallow
E'en!
This vigil drear, thro' which (a gate of rest,—
Gloom-girt to men, but golden to the Blest,)—
Our Father passed unto his Lord, his Queen.—
From Notre Dame, Our Lady's fair demesne,
Our SORIN passed unto the joy, the peace,
The light and loveliness of haunts unseen!—
O HOLY CROSS! when shall thy children cease
To mourn his loss? So valiant he, so wise,
So strong, yet tender! Aching hearts, be calm!
He lives—he loves—he watches in the skies,
Still friend (as Founder) of dear Notre Dame!
Vain are these tears, this funeral wreath that dies;
God's smile is his,—the fadeless crown and palm!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

A Rugged Author.

BY DANIEL P. MURPHY.

When the son of the ill-fated Charles was restored to the throne of his fathers, in 1660, the moral tone of English society underwent a great change. The second Charles had spent the period of his exile upon the Continent, and there, on account of his rank and his jovial dis-

position, he had acquired many friends. But, unhappily, as he himself was morally very weak, his intimates were not generally noted for their probity or the purity of their lives. Many of his former companions followed him across the Channel, and, like parasites, fastened themselves upon the court.

It seems to have been the greatest ambition of this monarch to make the days pass pleasantly for himself and for his companions. Drinking, gambling and licentiousness are the chief characteristics by which his court is known, and the king himself took the lead in every revel. While the iron-willed Cromwell had held the reins of power, the religious views of the Puritans prevailed among the English people, and upon them many and severe restraints had been placed. All public diversions, and many harmless pleasures were strictly prohibited by the rigorous laws of the Protector.

Under the new condition of affairs, the common people were not slow to imitate the example thus set them by their king and the nobility. England was soon plunged into excesses of every description, and these were pursued the more vehemently because of the restrictions which before had been placed upon the people.

A people's literature is but the reflection of that people's life. The author but portrays the expressions, thoughts and actions of himself and of those about him. It is nothing wonderful, then, that the literature of the Restoration should smack of the character of the times. It is the one period for which the English-speaking world may well blush. Its drama is absolutely indecent and immoral, and nearly all the other works of this time, which were applauded by the public, bear some taint of the manners of the court. But in this age of

shame and debauchery appeared one of the greatest religious writers English literature has ever known. The English novel has its Scott, the epic its Milton, the drama its Shakspeare, so, too, the English allegory proudly lays claim to its John Bunyan. Bunyan sprang from the very lowest grade of social life. He was born at Elstow, in 1628. He grew to manhood possessing an education so scanty that he barely knew how to read and write. His father was a tinker, and he followed this trade until he was eighteen years old. He afterwards served a few months in the Parliamentary army, and then returned to his native place and at the early age of nineteen he married.

This was the turning-point of his career. Up to this time he had led the same life as the rest of his uneducated and boorish companions. From his own confession he appears to have been notorious throughout his whole neighborhood for the evil of his ways. He says of himself: "I was a town sinner; I was the vilest in the country; a Jerusalem sinner, murdering the Son of God afresh by my ungodly deeds and putting Him to open shame." But Bunyan, undoubtedly, in his religious enthusiasm, very much exaggerated his faults. His worst vice seems to have been that of profanity. He was also filled with an inordinate love of ringing the church chimes and dancing. He was, too, much addicted to all rude and boisterous sports, and spent the greater part of his Sundays in playing games of this kind. This seems to have been the extent of his evil doing.

But Bunyan had always been filled with a certain indefinable dread lest he should be visited with a summary punishment equal to what he considered the enormity of his offences. He tells us that from his childhood he had been troubled with visions of the lake of fire, and that he had often wished that there was no hell, or that he himself was one of the devils; for he imagined that they simply tormented other persons and did not suffer at all themselves. But his wife was a very religious woman. She induced Bunyan to attend church with her and to read two books—"The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven" and "The Practice of Piety" which she had inherited from her father. By this means he was aroused as to the peril of his condition, and made to see and fear the eternal damnation which would follow as a result of his crimes.

When his conscience had once been awakened he could no longer rest. For some years he was in a state of intense gloom; for, having

resolved to better his life, he was confronted by the religious controversies of his time, and he could not determine which was the true path. Finally, by what he claimed was the special intervention of Divine Providence his soul was satisfied. He united with the Baptist Church of Bedford, and taking advantage of his wanderings, while pursuing his trade of tinkering, he was accustomed to preach to the people whom he might meet on the way. His fervent spirit and rude eloquence attracted much attention and gained for him many followers. But in the year 1660 he was arrested by the government of Charles II. as a "common upholder of conventicles," and cast into Bedford jail. For twelve long years he was imprisoned, steadily refusing to purchase his freedom by abjuring his religious principles. It was while thus confined in a lonely Bedford cell that his brain conceived the work which has long been famous as the greatest of English allegories.

Bunyan was the author of a number of works, the best of which, and the only one by which he is remembered at the present day, is "Pilgrim's Progress." This book has been the model of all English allegories since his time. Bunyan wrote it during his spare moments, while languishing in jail for conscience' sake. Aside from its allegorical meaning, it is a well-told and interesting story. This is one reason of its immense popularity among people of all classes and all ages, among the rich and the poor, the young and the old, the educated and the ignorant. It describes Bunyan's own experiences while endeavoring to break away from his evil associates and to lead a sober and Christian life.

Christian, who lives in the city of Destruction, suddenly realizes his sad condition, and is filled with a great fear lest he should be visited with a sudden and awful punishment for his misdeeds. He is impelled to make a journey towards the New Jerusalem, the city of salvation. Bunyan describes Christian's trials on the way, his companions, the country he passes through, his joys and sorrows; thus representing the labors and suffering of one endeavoring to cast off the shackles of sin and lead a holy life; of one dragging himself from the mire and mist of iniquity to the pure air and bright sky of a stainless life. The first part of the book closes with the completion of the pilgrimage by Christian. A second part was afterwards added in which he represents Christian's wife and children as making the journey to the Celestial city.

Bunyan was moved to write this book by his great desire to save the souls of his fellowmen; and he continually bore in mind the struggles which he himself had to endure before he overcame his great enemy—sin. He wrote to save the companions of his youth and manhood from the dark abyss of eternal death; and writing with this object, he is always strong and fervent. During his confinement in Bedford jail, his library consisted of but two books: Fox's "Book of Martyrs," and a copy of the "King James' Bible." He is said to have almost known the latter by heart. It is nothing wonderful then that we should discover that the style and language of "Pilgrim's Progress" is closely copied after that of the Bible. It is but natural that he should imitate the only style of writing with which he was familiar. He was filled with the spirit of the Holy Book, and when he himself attempted to write, his descriptions, his figures, his reasoning and his manner of expression, all partook of a highly biblical character.

His style is unassuming and always very idiomatic. He is terse and picturesque, very often extremely poetical, but sometimes he is ungrammatical. His descriptions are always very vivid and clear-cut; one of them, in fact, the fight between Christian and Apollyon, has become famous and is looked upon as one of the best pieces of writing of the kind in the language. He is always very plain, and there is not an expression to be found in the whole book which could not readily be understood by one possessing the humblest education. His strength and simplicity are mainly due to the great preponderance of Saxon words in his book. The "Pilgrim's Progress" is, indeed, one of the best examples of pure Saxon writing to be found in the language.

Even his characters were named in such a way as to appear familiar to all; for instance, Christian, and Faithful and Despair. In general he makes his treatment well accord with the story itself and with the class of readers for whom it was designed. The charm which this book possesses for the people seems never to grow less. Youth and old age read it with an equal delight, and although it was written over two centuries ago, its popularity has never declined, and it seems destined to live as long as the language itself.

This paper would not be complete without mentioning how this remarkable man came to his death. After he was released from prison in 1672, he entered upon the duties of pastor of the Bedford Baptist Church, and for a num-

ber of years, he ministered to the wants of his flock. In 1688, he made a journey to the metropolis for the purpose of reconciling a father and son; he accomplished his praiseworthy object; but the fatigues and exposures he endured on the road brought on a fever from which he never recovered. He died in London in the year 1688.

The Falls of Niagara.

The power of God is revealed in all nature. His omnipotence, His wisdom, and His goodness to man are made visible to him through created things; and hence man may obtain a glimpse of the supernatural through the natural. The falls of Niagara is one of the many examples of the power of God. Few men realize this; nevertheless it is true.

My first visit to Niagara was made, in company with my parents, in July, 1893, and was greatly enjoyed. Having heard much of the awe with which this greatest of cataracts inspires one, I expected to experience a similar feeling. However, I must confess that in this I was disappointed; for although the sublimity of the spectacle inspired me with awe, the effect was lost in the contemplation of the beauty of the falls.

My first view of Niagara was from the park on the right of the American side. As I stood on the very edge of the perpendicular precipice, I wondered that the torrent did not wash the edge of the path away; but it has remained intact for many years. Looking through the mist, I could see vaguely the beautiful Horseshoe Fall on the Canadian side of the river, so called on account of its being shaped like a horseshoe. My attention was then turned to the fall nearest us. The rapidity with which the water sweeps over the ledge of rocks is appalling; and one's first thought is of the poor wretches who have been carried over by the current. From our point of observation we discerned the little steamer, *Maid of the Mist*, rocked and tossed by the large waves, approaching frightfully near to the falls until the waters rebuked the power of man, and commanded a halt. Upon the deck of the boat was a party of seven persons, all wrapped in hooded oilskin coats to avoid the dampness caused by the spray. Before leaving the park we glanced down the narrow inclined plane that runs down the side of the cañon to

the steamer landing, and noticed the curious cars which are used for the descent.

From the park we crossed on the picturesque foot-bridge to Goat Island where our view was more extended. Here we had a glimpse of both the American and Horseshoe Falls; and looking down the cañon we could see the two bridges spanning the chasm, one a cantilever, and the other the magnificent suspension bridge. Over the former a train of eleven coaches was passing slowly. It was indeed a beautiful sight! Before us lay the green shores of Canada—a different country, a different government, different people from our own, separated only by an apparently small river.

We then descended a long flight of stairs until we stood upon the spot where once rested the far-famed "Terrapin Tower." From this point we had a clear view of the Horseshoe Fall. The regularity of its curve, the mist rising from the abyss beneath, the rainbow from side to side of the falls, all tended to make the scene beautiful. On the Canadian side of this fall is a narrow slide which descends to the bottom of the cliff—I do not know for what purpose.

Higher up the river is a brewery, a picturesque place, operated by water power. The Horseshoe Fall is regular, and an equal amount of water passes over all points of the upper ledge of rock at once. But the irregularity of its course, the noise of the water as it strikes the rocks below, the rapidity of the current and the flying spray, all make the American Falls more grand, more sublime, and more awe-inspiring than the Horseshoe.

In the afternoon of the same day we paid a visit to the famous rapids in which the gallant Captain Webb lost his life. Situated just on the verge of the cliff is a pretty cottage in which pictures of the falls and environments are sold. Here we saw the picture of a certain captain—I cannot recall his name—the only one who succeeded in passing safely through the rapids. From our high point of view the waves in the rapids seemed to be only three or four feet high; whereas we were told that they are from twenty-five to forty feet in height. From this place we strolled down the road until the whirlpool met our view. Here it was that Captain Webb was caught, half dead, from the water which leaped into his barrel, and dragged him down to a horrible death. From the high bank the whirlpool does not seem to be what it really is. One cannot imagine the enormous power of the water until he is on a

level with it. The evening was spent in a delightful walk around the city. In the stillness of the night the roar of the falls may be distinctly heard sounding like a distant artillery engagement.

J. F. LANAGAN.

Ruskin.

The old Latin saying *Poeta nascitur, non fit*, contains some truth, because a poet must have certain inborn qualities; above all, a true inspiration, an active, vivid imagination, and a keen sense of the beautiful. Culture and education may aid and perfect; they never create.

Ruskin, on whose brow the Queen has placed the crown of Poet-Laureate, lacks certain inborn qualities; or, in other words, the genius of a poet. Though he is a master of picturesque prose, and exhibits a wonderful harmony of style, he is unable in his poems to give voice to gentle and beautiful sentiments—to "soul-animating strains"—or to display the strong and sublime passion of the soul.

Ruskin's poems deserve only the title of verse. He seems to be at his best in his earliest poems—those written at the age of about twenty-five; for instance, this passage from "La Madonna Dell'Acqua":

"Oh! lone Madonna, angel of the deep,
When the night falls and deadly winds are loud,
Will not thy love be with us while we keep
Our watch upon the waters and the gaze
Of thy soft eyes, that slumber not, nor sleep?"

Ruskin's earliest poems promised much. Notice the beauty in these verses from his "May," written at the age of nine:

"Flowers spring up beneath thy feet;
Greenest velvet is thy seat;
Sunny rays
Round thee blaze,
With temperate and pleasant heat.
Come away,
Happy May,
Where all the good and pleasant meet."

These lines were written a few years later:

Ye avalanches, roar not loud
Upon the dreary hill;
Ye snows, spread light their mountain shroud.
Ye tempests, peace, be still!"

Ruskin must be judged by his first poems. In his declining years he wrote little, and seems to have lost all his vigor. In vain do we look for lofty ideas or an embodiment of great thoughts in his poetry. Ruskin may be compared to

our American poet Walt. Whitman. It is true, he is not coarse or egotistic, but his verses are as uninteresting and barren as those of Whitman.

Had Ruskin written nothing else besides "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," "The Stones of Venice," and "The Queen of the Air," he would be illustrious for having produced some of the most exquisite prose in our language. In my opinion, however, his fame would be more enduring had he never published any poetry excepting, perhaps, some written during his boyhood. Ruskin mars, as it were, the beauty of his works by composing bad verses:

In places, however, such as the following, we imagine to discover traces of that divine spark which inflames the poet's heart and breast. But we are deceived as if by a mirage. One can hardly believe that before his tenth year it would have been possible for Ruskin to turn out verses as beautiful as the following:

"Fair Luna shining on the cloudy car,
Riding in state on spangled heaven afar,
Where, when the sun hath sunk upon the hill,
Now dost dispense his light upon us still."

After a lapse of half a century he still speaks and appears to have the same childish voice of fifty years ago!

"The king was in the Counting-House
Counting out his money;
The Queen was in the garden
Giving bread and honey.

The maid along the beach to bleach
Was laying out the linen;
At home, her handmaids each to each,
Had a dainty room to spin in."

If Ruskin—now appointed Poet-Laureate—deserves the title which is conferred upon him, England cannot boast of a living poet, one who follows in the footsteps of Dryden and Tennyson.

E. AHLRICHS.

At the North Pole.

An astronomer, basing his remarks on the supposition that Dr. Frithjof Nansen's expedition—which resulted so disastrously—would reach the North Pole, undertook, some time ago, somewhat after the style of Jules Verne, to tell us what the voyagers would have there experienced.

As to light, at the North Pole it is day from March 21 to September 22: the rest of the year is one unbroken dark night. The stars are constantly visible, neither rising nor setting. The silence is awful—as awful, almost as the storms

themselves. When those tempests of the boreal regions break loose in the intense darkness, they howl and roar, sob and sigh, scream and wail, making it seem as if all the terrible furies of the lower regions had been transported to the spot. And the darkness! The explorer knows that the icebergs crowd together and are heaped up into one immense mountain; that the sea is beneath him, but he sees nought. The storm rages, and the traveller is tossed in his frail shell of a boat in the impenetrable gloom. Then comes a period, probably as long as our day, during which the dawn will be seen.

The explorer looks upon the faint red which announces the return of the sun. He sees the sky gradually assuming a golden glow, and during a quarter of a year the sun is mounting higher and higher. During the next three months the great luminary sinks by degrees; but during the half year it is always day. Then twilight returns.

The relations of time and place are peculiar at the North Pole. If the explorer were to set a table on the Pole and he and his companions seated themselves around it, when his watch points to twelve, it is one o'clock for his neighbor to the left, two for the next, and so on. If he is pressed for time, he has only to move one place to the right and he has gained an hour.

The men sitting around the table at the North Pole all sit on different meridians, the meridians all meeting there. At the Pole itself there is no hour; nor is there north, or east or west: all is south. The explorer is like a peg at the pole, and all is south for him, the entire globe, both land and water. No matter in what direction he points, it is always south.

T.

Authorship.

It is a common remark with the historian that the discovery and use of iron is the first step from savage to civilized life. The saying is just, but must be received in a limited sense; for there is an internal as well as an external history. What iron is to animal man, literature is to intellectual man. Iron supplies him with a means of defence, enables him to overcome the debility of his organic powers, and imbues him with factitious strength. Literature preserves what man gains through the application of iron, and concentrates its usefulness, while it enables him to avail himself of the achieve-

ments of "genius" struggling with inertness of matter, or fettered by the restrictions of ignorance and barbarity.

There is a certain class of people who are constantly working against those who choose authorship as a profession. Few will call the young author "brother." He is the laughing-stock of the merchant's clerk, and a laborer poorly paid in the world's coin. The broker seldom meets him on the exchange; the usurer never chats with him on the mart; he is seldom rich in the world's gold. The old man clinks his bags and shrugs his shoulders at his prospects; the tutor and mechanic take to trade, and presently roll by him in their coaches.

The prejudice of which I here speak was once common throughout the Old World. Now it is particularly confined to America; perhaps not so much to the United States as to other parts. "The garret of the author" has long since been used as a by-word. The man who is to be supported by the productions of his pen is called a visionary or an idler. To some persons whatever yields the greatest amount of tangible, improvable product is the best producer; unless the mind acts openly, as a machine, they believe it to be dormant. Let those who believe thus first understand the purpose of the author whom they censure; let them know that there may be higher motives of action than bullion, loftier contemplations than those of the counting-house or factory. Coleridge says, with an enthusiasm of genius: "I expect neither profit nor general fame by my writings; and I consider myself as amply repaid without either." Persuade such a man, if it is possible, to change the pen for the interest-table, and make his happiness depend on the rise and fall of stocks, or the rise and fall of the price of provisions.

People complain that we have no established literature; and until more persons are willing to devote themselves to the cause of literature we must be content to reflect the literary splendor of England. Some of the brightest creations, indeed, of modern days, some of the fairest children of love, poetry and romance, belong to America.

Those who are inclined to object to my argument generally say: "This is the language of romantic folly; we must live, so let us labor for the best recompense; intellect will not secure comfort." I wish you to observe that such persons mistake the ambition of the literary man. Without neglecting it altogether, the literary man seeks something infinitely better than pecuniary ease. It is a fact I am sorry to be

forced to admit that Oliver Goldsmith was needy; that Chatterton was driven to despair; and that many other eminent writers, such as Otway, died of starvation. But I do not believe that one of these would have erased from his writings one maxim of sound morality to gain the wealth of those who neglected him. The memorials of these are not lying tombstones, but works such as "The Deserted Village," or "Venice Preserved." Can you find pleasure in going out and looking at the man logging? Will it set your mind at ease and rest your troubled brain to go into the blacksmith's shop, where the honest laborer is earning his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, and thinking that if he keeps the wolf from the door until he sinks into an unhonored grave at the end of a life of toil he will be contented with his lot?

To me the works of Macaulay and Irving have a far greater charm than all others. To read the poems of Shakspeare, Scott, Moore or Longfellow is to me the most delightful of occupations. They tell of everything in life, from the most despicable characters known to "the good, the beautiful and true." Hence I say, all hail to young authors! I feel assured that the readers of the SCHOLASTIC, especially the students of Notre Dame, will help literary talent wherever they find it.

J. W. T.

[From the Boston Republic.]

A Great Priest Gone.

Although it was known that the venerable Father Sorin, the founder of the famous University of Notre Dame, had been in failing health for some months past, the announcement of his death, which was made on the 1st inst., was in a measure unexpected; and it brought profound sorrow to the entire Catholic population of the country, which has long known the great work the deceased clergyman wrought in Indiana; and whose admiration for his character, his labors and the noble institution that stands as the result of his toil, is unbounded.

It is now over half a century ago that Father Sorin, then a young priest, full of the fervor of his holy calling, came over from France in company with six Brothers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, to begin his missionary work in this country. An extensive tract of land in northern Indiana, having been purchased years before from the Government by the proto-American priest, Rev. Stephen Badin, had come

into the possession of the second prelate of Vincennes, Right Rev. Dr. de la Hailandière, who offered it to the Congregation of the Holy Cross, on the condition that that community would build and maintain a college there for the education of Catholic youth. This offer was duly accepted by the Congregation, and Father Sorin, because of his ardent zeal and great breadth of mind, was selected by his superiors to establish the new college and found the first house of the Congregation in the United States. It was on Nov. 26, 1842, that the young French priest and his companions reached the grounds that had been ceded to the Congregation by Bishop Hailandière; and they at once set to work to build a small church in which divine services might be held. With the aid of some of the neighboring settlers this edifice, which measured only 46 feet by 20, was speedily set up, and it served all purposes for the ensuing six years, when it was, unfortunately, destroyed by fire. The first band of missionaries were soon after strengthened by the arrival of other members of the Congregation from France; and with such energy did Father Sorin apply himself to the work which he was sent over here to accomplish, that the corner stone of the first college at Notre Dame—which was the name he bestowed upon the place—was laid Aug. 23, 1843, within less than two years after the arrival of the first band of missionaries in Indiana.

The following year, 1844, the State Legislature gave the young institution a charter, and in the same year was held the first annual commencement of an institution whose fame is now more than national. It was in December, 1843, that the first college was roofed; but the students did not occupy it until the following year, being housed at what was known as the farmhouse, until the college was ready for their accommodation. The original building was an unpretentious small edifice, which had speedily to be enlarged on account of the number of students who applied for admission to its faculty; and after thousands of dollars had been expended in putting up wings here and extensions there, it managed to get along excellently well until 1879, when a disastrous fire broke out in the buildings, practically levelled them to the ground, and what was felt to be the greatest loss, consumed the valuable library with its rare volumes and historical collections. The friends of Notre Dame, though, who by this time were to be found everywhere in the land, rallied nobly to Father Sorin's aid, and he was enabled to begin rebuilding without

delay. The following September found the University opening its doors anew to the students who flocked to it; and with the course of time the present noble structure, which is without doubt one of the best, if not the very best, equipped of our Catholic collegiate institutions, came into existence in all its grandeur and perfection.

As it now stands, the main building of the University is a modern Gothic structure, five stories in height, with the magnificent proportions of 320 by 155 feet. The dome is surmounted by a statue of the Blessed Virgin, which rises 220 feet from the ground. The building is admirably arranged for the purposes for which it was built. On the ground floor are the refectories, lavatories and other apartments used in common by the students, together with the armory of the Seniors' military organization; up one flight are the college offices, the parlors, telegraph office, and the study and recitation rooms; the third floor has the dormitories, society halls, library and lecture rooms, with the apartments of the faculty; and here, too, is the Bishops' Memorial gallery, whose treasures attracted so much attention at the recent Columbian exposition, where many of them were put upon exhibition. On the fourth floor, as on the fifth, are other dormitories—for the number of students at Notre Dame is very large—together with the Lemonnier Library, with its 40,000 volumes, and the college chapel; and over all rises the gilded dome, which adds so much to the beauty of the building, and is admired by every visitor to the University.

The main building, large and commodious as it is, forms but one of a notable group of edifices which the energy of the lamented Father Sorin caused to spring up in the desolate tract of country of which he took possession, in the name of his Congregation, fifty-one years ago. East of the main building is Washington Hall, with its reading-rooms well supplied with daily, weekly and monthly publications; and the rooms of several athletic associations of the University. Here, too, is the exhibition hall, which has a seating capacity of 1200, and possesses a stage supplied with all the paraphernalia for the giving of dramatic exhibitions. Then there is Science Hall, whose name sufficiently indicates the uses to which it is devoted, and which was begun about ten years ago. St. Edward's Hall is the especial property of the Minims, as the youngest students are called at Notre Dame, and it has accommodations for

150 of those youngsters; and Sorin Hall, named after the venerable founder, with its private apartments and lecture rooms, is the finest building, perhaps, of the entire group of college structures. The college church, a magnificent edifice, stands to the west of the main building, and in addition to its beautiful paintings and windows contains a fine chime of bells, whose music adds greatly to the charm of a Sunday spent at Notre Dame. Then there are the printing offices, which issue those admirable publications, the *Ave Maria* and the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, with the handsomely printed volumes that Notre Dame periodically sends forth; and a number of other buildings devoted to various purposes, and all combining to make Notre Dame a city, as it were, of itself, a model university, of which all who have ever seen it are justly proud, and whose sons are to be found all over the land to-day, and in every calling and profession of life.

Five years ago last June the lamented Father Sorin, the founder of this great University and the promoter always of its interests, celebrated his sacerdotal golden jubilee; and the occasion was justly and properly made a notable demonstration at Notre Dame. In what high and affectionate esteem the deceased Superior was held by the students of the University may be gleaned from this extract from the editorial notice of his jubilee which appeared in the SCHOLASTIC, the college journal:

"To-morrow (Trinity Sunday) the venerable founder of Notre Dame, Very Rev. Edward Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the day upon which for the first time he stood before the altar as a priest of the Most High, and offered up the great Sacrifice of the New Law. It is, indeed, a memorable event. The completion of half a century spent in the exalted work of the sacred ministry must ever present an occasion of the sincerest joy and thanksgiving with those among whom the one thus signally favored has lived and labored. But how much greater and more universal is this rejoicing when this golden anniversary comes to one who has passed this brilliant period of a lifetime in the furtherance of the grandest and noblest of causes—religion and education—and whose glorious ministry has been crowned with a success that is providential and world-wide in its happy results! Such a one is our venerable Father-founder, whose great work in the establishment, development and perfection of the world-renowned Notre Dame, this grand home of religion and science, will form the century-enduring monuments to the worth and greatness of his noble life; while by

reason of his exalted position as Superior-General of the Holy Cross he leaves, throughout the extent of the Old and New World, the impress of the grand qualities of mind and heart with which he is gifted."

Father Sorin's career may be briefly summed up as follows: He was born in France, Feb. 6, 1814; and after due studies was ordained to the priesthood at the Trinity ordinations of 1838; his first Mass being celebrated June 9 of that year. He began the foundation of Notre Dame Nov. 20, 1842, being then in the fourth year of his priesthood; he was chosen Provincial of the American houses of his Congregation Aug. 15, 1865, and the crowning honor of his life came to him July 22, 1868, when he was elected Superior-General of the Congregation, an office which he held up to the time of his death. This position required of Father Sorin many trans-Atlantic trips; and the number of his voyages to and from France to this country was very large. It will be a difficult task for his Community to find a man to fill his place in all respects, rich as the Congregation is in able and talented men. The establishment at Notre Dame is the principal foundation of the Order in the United States; though it has other houses in Wisconsin, Louisiana and Texas. The Congregation is also represented in the Dominion of Canada, notably at St. Laurent College, Montreal, and at St. Joseph's College, Memramcook, N. B. Notre Dame University has suffered two signal losses within a brief space of time. Only three months ago the Institution lost its worthy President, Rev. Father Walsh; and now it is plunged into mourning because of the death of its venerable Founder, who held the highest office in the gift of his brethren, and to whom Notre Dame largely owes the prosperity and renown which it so justly enjoys to-day.

Letters of Condolence.

Among the letters of condolence received during the week we give space to the following, extracts which express the spirit of sympathy and sorrow that fills so many hearts at the death of the venerable Founder of Notre Dame:

"MT. ST. VINCENT, N. Y., Nov. 18, 1893.

"MY DEAR FRIEND:

"The news of your sad bereavement reached me some days ago. Words bear little sympathy in losses like yours, otherwise I should write many to let you know how thoroughly I realize your grief for the inestimable

loss which your Community has sustained. That your Founder and model has passed from your midst means more than any but those who were immediate partakers of the goodness which seemed to emanate from him, can understand. Yet, comparative stranger though I be, I venture both to offer my sympathy and to promise my prayers that God may raise up one who will worthily take Father Sorin's place in your regard.

"Sincerely in Xt.,
"S. M. L."

"WEST HOBOKEN, N. J., Nov. 9.

"MY DEAR FATHER:

"... Accept my sincere condolence with yourself and all your Community on the loss of your venerated Father Sorin. *Requiescat in pace.* Our Blessed Lady will know how to reward so devoted a servant; and he will be able, by his intercession, to do more for his Congregation than he could here below....

"I remain yours in Xt.,
"EDMUND, C. P."

"RICHARDSON, UTAH, Nov. 15.

"DEAR FATHER:

"I regret so much to learn that Father Sorin is no more of the living. Yet something says he is more truly one of the living than we who speak of him. I had hoped once more to behold his noble figure. I never can forget the impression of his life work I once received.

"Yours,
"MARION MUIR RICHARDSON."

"ST. ANN'S CONVENT, VICTORIA,
"November 11, 1893.

"MY DEAR FRIEND:

".... I know this last stroke must have cut a wound even to your heart's very core; for I realize the veneration in which the regretted departed Father General was held. But God, inscrutable in His designs, has willed it; and however much your hearts will bleed under the stroke; it must be to His greater glory. But Notre Dame has had her share of God's tokens this jubilee year, this last being surely the greatest of all. But Father General will still be with the place he loved so well and for which he labored so long and zealously. Sweet thought, that those whom death snatches from us may yet be near us in spirit, gone though their dear forms be!

"Sincerely in Xt.,
"S. M. L."

—We take the following extract from a circular letter, addressed at the beginning of the month, to the members of the Community by the Very Rev. Provincial Corby, First Assistant General:

"... But now comes the heaviest blow of all. The venerable Father Sorin, so long our Superior-General—the great captain who led the army of the Holy Cross to final triumph—is dead. No, he is not dead, his spirit still lives. He so impressed his spirit on the Congregation that it will ever live in the hearts of all devoted members. He was a great man—a man of noble sentiments; of brilliant

mind.. He had a large heart, full of affection, full of piety, full of love for his patroness, the Blessed Mother of God, whom he loved with the tenderness of a child. So great indeed was his affection for her that he seemed to live for Mary, to work for Mary. In her he confided with a confidence truly born of the liveliest faith. If success attended his labors, Mary received the credit of it all. He showed his affection for her in many ways; and one cannot fail to see this at Notre Dame, where are to be found at every turn reminders of the glorious Queen of Heaven. This devotion to Mary he imparted to all the Priests, Brothers and Sisters who have passed under his care. Students, too, carried this great devotion with them into the world; and wherever an old student is found—priest or Catholic layman—one will not fail to find devotion to Mary a leading characteristic in his life and labors. It was this love that prompted him to publish a paper—*The Ave Maria*—in her honor. This was for him a messenger to the outside world. Through it he gave expression to his feelings of love and gratitude and inspired all with similar sentiments. I remember well how enthusiastically he read for me advance sheets of this paper when it was in its infancy.

"When I write on this subject I do not know where to stop; but if Notre Dame holds a prominent place to-day—if the Congregation has prospered—it is due to this devotion and confidence in Mary; and the lesson should not be forgotten by us who survive Father General. Now, he whose life was an inspiration to us all—whose *enthusiasm* gave new impetus to every work and fired every soul—is gone! Oh! how may we express our grief? Words fail us! The loss is irreparable; the calamity to our vigorous Congregation is overwhelming, and like afflicted children we find some consolation in silent weeping. The affliction calls to the minds of the older members the sore trials of the past. On the 15th of Aug., 1854, the annual retreat closed and arrangements for the approaching scholastic year were complete. Suddenly an epidemic came and swept away twenty-one members in less than three weeks, and prostrated nearly all the others so that there were not enough well persons to serve the sick. Members were few then, and the loss was great. Among other victims were two priests, one of whom—Rev. Father Cointet—had been named Vice-President. The alarm was so great that several had to be buried at night under the cover of darkness so as not to spread a general panic. The end of the little band of Religious seemed to be at hand; but the great spirit of the Very Rev. Father General kept up and inspired confidence; a new era of prosperity began. In 1879 fire consumed nearly all of our buildings, and left little else but smoke and ashes. The confidence always placed in Mary gave new energy to every one. Scarcely had the smoke passed off when the venerable Father General spoke of nothing but a grand statue to surmount a lofty dome, the plan of which had not as yet been put on paper. Again, a second era of prosperity began; Notre Dame is now a work of art and beauty!

"My dear fellow-religious, we must not lose sight of the lessons of self-sacrifice and devotion so admirably set before us in the lives of those who have just passed away. If we have trials now—if we have met with a seeming irreparable loss in the death of those loved ones,—Mary is still our Mother. She will continue to protect us in future as she has in the past, provided we prove ourselves worthy children, and practise the devotion to her as taught by our venerable Father General by word and works...."

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J. JOSEPH COOKE, '95;
FRANCIS L. CARNEY, '94; FRANK MCKEE, '94;
JAMES A. BRADY, '95.

—The "Month's Mind" of our departed Father Founder occurs on Friday next, Dec. 1. It will be kept with due solemnity at Notre Dame, where all will take part in the services for the dead, and renew the tribute of their fervent prayers for the repose of the soul of the deceased Superior.

—The Very Rev. G. Français has been elected to succeed the late lamented Father Sorin as Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. For many years Father Français has been Superior of the House of the Order at Neuilly, Paris, and under his wise and energetic administration the College de Ste. Croix, Neuilly, has become one of the leading institutions of education in France. He will bring to the discharge of the duties of his exalted position the resources of a gifted mind, a devoted heart and a zealous spirit, and will prove a worthy successor to the lamented Father Sorin, under whom the Community flourished and prospered throughout the world.

It is to be regretted that publishers do not present for sale better pocket-sized editions of the Bible than they do. Professors often complain of their pupils' apparent ignorance and disregard of the worth of the Holy Scriptures. But are our college students to blame? The best of the small-sized editions of the Douay, seen on the shelves of our printing establish-

ments, are abominable. What every Catholic young man wants, and should have, is a decently bound, well-printed, conveniently small volume of the Sacred Writings; and they cannot be censured for their seeming neglect as long as the publishers will not furnish them with the best and easiest means of keeping and reading them. The Bible, apart from its religious worth, is invaluable on account of its literary merit; and it has come to be the duty of educational institutions to demand of publishers to issue volumes adapted to the purpose of our young men. We do not ask bibles to be made text-books in our schools; but if they were made so in our higher classes of literary criticism, they would be filling a long-felt want. Let the attention of the Catholic publishing societies be called to this fact.

Athletics in Colleges.

Now, that the whole country is interested in football, it will not be inappropriate to see of what use are football and other athletic sports. This is timely; for since the Princeton-Pennsylvania game we have noticed that the faculties of several colleges talk of abolishing athletics. While some people may take this view, we beg to differ. Without doubt the Princeton-U. P. game was disgraceful in its meanness and brutality; but this should not lead to the abolition of athletics, or even of football. As was said in these columns some time ago, "Football is a game for gentlemen only. The tough, or the rough, has no business in the game." This was demonstrated on November 4 at Manheim field. Had the rules of the game been enforced, there would have been no such disgrace attached to that day.

Rules, however, are not enough. Much should be left to the students themselves; but when they are unable to control themselves they should be controlled by the faculty of their college. No man should be allowed to play unless he can control himself; and if anyone of a team should play a mean or a dirty game, he should be unceremoniously "fired" from the team. If college faculties would take this course for the purification and preservation of a manly sport, it would be more to their advantage than crying "Abolish athletics!" Do they realize what would result from condemning athletics?

Let us see what athletics have done for col-

leges. It is not so very long since athletic sports were almost unknown. Before they had attained to the high place they now hold, the conduct of the students was something shocking. Their animal spirits had to bubble over; and until athletics directed them into a proper channel, these same animal spirits took the form of all sorts of mischief. There is, of course, much mischief going on now, but it is little in comparison to the disorders of several years ago. Athletics are the safety valve that prevents the explosion; and instead of repairing this valve, some unthinking people cry out "Abolish it!" Do they count the cost? Do they think of the result? All the evils that used to be complained of so bitterly will crop out again. They will be harder to cope with than before; and yet the students will have to hear the blame which should rest with the unthinking faculty who are not in touch with their pupils. Let them do the right thing; let them stand up and weed out the element that sullies good sport by their very presence, and football will become what it should be—an exhibition of manly skill, strength and activity.

FERNANDO.

A Trip to Munising Bay.

The American people are reputed a nation of travellers. The allegation is undoubtedly a true one, and is confined to no particular class. Rich and poor, high official and private citizen, the aristocrat and the tramp, each and all exercise the inalienable right of an American citizen, and travel. In so far as scenery alone is concerned the evidence is beyond dispute that this country can match anything that the old country has to show, and in many cases so far excel it that comparison is out of the question. Last August I received a letter from my friend, Hon. Timothy Nester, to accompany his family from Chicago to Munising Bay, his summer residence. I gladly accepted the kind invitation as I am a sufferer from hay fever, a disease unheard of in the "land of the Ojibways." We left Chicago on the *Manitou*, the best boat commanded by Captain McIntyre, who is acknowledged the best captain on the lakes. We arrived at the "Soo" the following Sunday and, as a matter of course, went to church. After Mass the good Jesuits, who are stationed there, invited us to dine with them. After partaking of their hospitality we started for the depot, and finding the train did not leave

for two hours some one proposed to "shoot the rapids" which was agreed to by all.

We were soon seated in a canoe, conducted by two Indians. In twenty minutes we were again on *terra firma*, none the worse for the voyage, with the exception of a slight drenching. We took the train at 5 and arrived at Munising station at 8 p. m., where we found Mr. Nester awaiting our arrival. He escorted us to "Mother Fritz's" hostelry, the principal restaurant in the hamlet (Munising has a population of three hundred inhabitants) when, to our surprise, we found courses of the most refined and epicurean dishes awaiting us. Mr. Nester, with a twinkle in his eye, asked me if I would not have some "mountain sheep." Some one had violated the game law. The "mountain sheep" proved to be the finest venison. After exchanging courtesies with good "Mother Fritz," we mounted the "Democrat," a name given to the vehicle owned by Mr. Nester's man "Dan." While leaving the abode of our hostess, I thought of the lines of Milton:

"Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offered courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters than in tapestry walls
And courts of princes where it first was named,
And yet is most pretended."

In one hour we were at our destination, Munising Bay. The distance is four miles through heavy timbered land. We retired early and were up with the lark. Having heard so much of the beauties of the Bay, we were anxious to behold its grandeur. As we stood gazing at the beautiful panorama before us Miss Davis, one of our party, who has an eye for the beautiful, remarked "It should have been called Undine." We saw before us the inspiration of artists. When one has heard or read of beautiful scenery if ever the time comes when the actual scene itself stands before one, and the former child of the imagination must step forth and give place to the real, the result is very apt to be a disappointment. It is not so here, and I am not surprised that Longfellow chose this spot to write his beautiful poem "Hiawatha." There is no more beautiful or purer sheet of water in the world than Munising Bay, and the scenery along its banks rivals that of Switzerland, which many Americans annually cross the waters to view and extol. Mountains rise out of the bay and seemingly pierce the skies; and when the bay is still, the reflections in the same form pictures which if placed on canvas would seem greatly overdrawn and unreal to

those who had never feasted their eyes on such a sublime spectacle.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land."

Munising Bay is a safe harbor for vessels when there is a storm on Lake Superior. Several steamers entered the port during my stay there. The passengers are sure to pay a visit to "The Hiawatha," the name given Mr. Nester's beautiful cottage, where all are made welcome by Mr. Nester and his amiable wife. Their accomplished daughters, Miss Hattie and Lizzie are gifted musicians, and are always happy to entertain visitors with vocal and instrumental selections. Probably the greatest attraction at Munising Bay is Minnehaha falls. Its elevation is about two hundred feet. There is a life, action, vivacity, energy, that is simply irresistible. In a great rollicking, billowing mass of water, dashing on in wild paroxysm of mountain glee, it leaps over the ledge into the pool below. Well may the patriotic American sing after a trip to this beautiful spot:

"I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above."

L.

The Man in the Tower.

What has become of our college societies? In former years Sorin Hall boasted of the Philodemic Society, whose members were renowned for their skill and cleverness in debate and essay. This same Hall had an association called the Thespians. Their forte was the stage, and their histrionic efforts were the pride and enjoyment of the students. In Brownson Hall the Columbians at one time flourished great and strong; and by push and energy made their annual play the event of the scholastic year. Yet during the very year in which Columbus, whose name their society bears, is universally honored, the society has actually become extinct. Is this to go on? Are we to have no more societies? Students, bestir yourselves; for I assure you the best training a scholar can obtain is the practice and study he puts on debates, essays and the drama.

The Carrollites deserve praise for their active societies—the St. Cecilians and Philopatrians—whose members, though young in years, manifest an interest and energy in their association commendable in more matured persons. The

Cecilians have always been the standard-bearers of our College societies, and the best members the Thespians or Philodemics ever boasted of were ex-Cecilians.

Although the outlook is bad for the older societies, new ones are springing up, and promise to take the place of these older ones. There is the St. Boniface German Society, a most praiseworthy organization, whose members meet to improve their skill in the German tongue. They debate in this language, prepare carefully-written papers on German subjects, and add much to the interest of the programme by introducing music and song.

Rumor had it that a French society would organize in the near future. I have seen no indication of such a movement; but trust that our French students will take example from the successful efforts of the German society, and club together to exchange ideas in that most mellifluous of all languages, the French.

While writing about defunct customs and societies, I might mention the old-time "Lecture Course." What has become of it? There is no doubt that it does not exist; for here we are in the closing days of November and there has been nothing in the way of entertainment to speak of. There will be a very creditable entertainment given this (Saturday) afternoon by the Orpheus Club and University Band; but the credit is not due to the Lecture Course, but to the kindness of the capable young artists whose efforts were the source of much genuine pleasure. Let the old "Lecture Course" be resumed, especially since the football season closes in another week and dreary winter needs pleasant remedies to solace human nature from monotony.

Books and Periodicals.

—In his recent treatise on "Secret Societies," the Rev. J. W. Book, R. D., of Carrelton, Ind., deals in a logical, comprehensive manner with one of the most important and practical religious topics of the day. The "objections" presented against the existence or tolerance of these associations are such as must impress not only the Catholic, but every non-Catholic reader who has at heart the welfare of his country and the maintenance of good government. Though published in small, pamphlet

form, the work considers the subject of "Secret Societies" in all its bearings, and with a clearness and cogency of reasoning that must carry conviction with it. The author is widely known through his other valuable religious works: "A Short Line to the Church," and "Side Switches," which have passed through several editions. The present work should be circulated everywhere, the cheapness of its publication placing it within the reach of all. The author is also the publisher, and to him all orders should be addressed.

—We have received the *Catholic Family Annual for 1894*, published by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York. The *Annual* is now in its twenty-sixth year, and the present issue well sustains the high reputation it has deservedly earned. Among its many new and commendable features we may note the very interesting sketches of the Right Rev. L. McMahon, D. D., the Rt. Rev. R. Gilmour, D. D., Very Rev. A. M. Anderledy, S. J., the Very Rev. A. Granger, C. S. C., the Very Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, C. S. C., and Brother Azarias, all of which are accompanied with excellent portraits of the distinguished subjects. There are also articles, with beautiful illustrations, on the "Catholic Clubs of New York" and the "Catholic Summer School," together with valuable and interesting reading on subjects connected with the "World's Fair, Chicago," and other timely topics. In addition, the *Annual* contains the usual astronomical information, religious calender, List of Hierarchy, etc. It should be found in every Catholic family.

—An interesting little pamphlet has been published as a souvenir of the dedication of St. Joseph's Church, Mishawaka, Ind. As already noted in our columns, this important event occurred on the 22d ult., when the Rt. Rev. Bishop Rademacher officiated in the presence of an immense concourse. This new publication records the history of the parish of Mishawaka from its inception in 1844 to the present time, Notably its marked progress and development under the administration of the present zealous and energetic pastor, the Very Rev. Dean A. B. Oechtering who assumed charge in May, 1867. In addition the pamphlet contains portraits and sketches of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Fort Wayne, the late Very Rev. Superior-General Sorin, to whom, in 1844 and for many years subsequently, the care of the parish was entrusted, and the Very Rev. A. B. Oechtering. There are also pictures of the former church,

the present edifice interiorly and exteriorly, and an interesting account of the ceremonies attending the laying of the corner-stone of the new church. The work forms an important contribution to Catholic historical literature. Published by William P. O'Neill, Mishawaka, Ind.

Exchanges.

There is a marked contrast between the college journals of the Dominion and those issued in the States. Although the former are characterized by solid editorials, they yet lack those lighter touches which impart such a delicate flavor to the latter. The *Queen's College Journal* in its announcement promises an improvement in this line. No doubt our other Canadian exchanges will soon follow suit.

* *

The *Brunonian* is the best exponent of this lightness of touch. It has a number of clever versifiers, and is especially fortunate in possessing a good corps of contributors to its short-story department.

Why cannot some of our local word-etchers brighten the SCHOLASTIC'S pages by bits of verse? An occasional short story, too, would do much towards making our paper interesting. Let there be a meeting of the "Staff" to decide upon the best means to encourage local talent.

* *

The *Annex* exults in the fact that Monmouth College has secured cheap advertising by having a disgraceful class *melée* chronicled by the daily papers. We are inclined to believe with the "Dr.," however, that the public will not look with indulgence on this "brilliant little class scrap."

* *

Our civil engineers will find a very instructive article in the last number of the *Polytechnic*. An alumnus of the Rensselaer Institute has embodied his eighteen years' experience under the heading "Some Practical Advice to Young Engineers."

* *

None of our exchanges is doing more to foster an enthusiastic college spirit among its patrons than the *Ægis*; and yet it constantly complains that it lacks proper support. What a strange body of students must attend the University of Wisconsin!

* *

The *Alma Mater* is vainly trying to do double

work. It poses as a magazine of science and literature, and claims to be the representative of Jasper College. Now, its magazine work is far below the average, and crowds out the college happenings. A change of policy is sadly needed. Would not the editors please the friends of the *Alma Mater* more by opening its columns to the students?

The *Niagara Index* is jubil(ee)ant. The old fellow has donned a new dress and wears a few posies in honor of the Rt. Rev. S. V. Ryan, D. D. No one knows better than the *Index* how to celebrate a holiday.

Resolutions of the Sorin Literary Association in Memory of Very Rev. Father Founder.

WHEREAS, It has pleased the good God in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst our beloved Father General, and

WHEREAS, In his death, the members of our Society have lost a saintly Director, an affectionate friend, a kind and loving father. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That we raise up our hearts in unceasing prayer for the happy repose of his soul;

Resolved, That we venerate his memory by living up to the model he has set before us by word and example;

Resolved, That the window consecrated to his memory in St. Edward's Hall be appropriately draped in mourning during the present scholastic year.

GARFIELD SCHERRER, JOHN FLYNN,

ARTHUR MONAGHAN, ALEXIS COQUILLARD,

JOHN CORRY, MARIANO OTERO,

CHARLES MONAGHAN,—Committee.

Local Items.

—Who tied the door?

—The window-blind came down with a bump.

—LOST—A large key. The finder will please return it to Students' office.

—The Carroll Hall rec.-day penmanship class is at present very well attended.

—FOUND—A valuable knife. The owner may have it by calling on B. Leander.

—Will some one please donate a "horse pistol" to the Carroll Gym. faculty.

—The M. L. S. boys repeat the challenge to Brownson Hall to engage with them in a game of hand ball.

—On the 19th inst. the Carrolls expected a game with the "Iroquois" of South Bend; but the latter failed to materialize. Thereupon Capt. Klees arranged a game with a picked eleven from Brownson Hall, composed mostly of ex-Juniors. The game was a very interesting one, and every foot of ground was well contested. The Carrolls were victorious. When time was called, the score was 16 to 10.

—CONCERT.—This (Saturday) afternoon a

concert will be given in Washington Hall for the benefit of the football eleven. The entertainment will be of the highest order of merit and, under the direction of Prof. Preston, is bound to be a success. A large attendance is looked for; and it is to be hoped that all will respond to the call. The team has been playing good football and deserves support. The financial question is the vital one, for it is money that makes the ball go. The team expect to clear enough through this concert to pay for the Thanksgiving Day game with Hillsdale. Don't let them be disappointed!

—Last Saturday evening the Law Debating Society met, with Col. Hoynes presiding. The chair announced as the subject for debate at the following meeting: "Resolved, That the security and welfare of Ireland would be seriously prejudiced by the success of the policy of total separation from the British Empire." Messrs. DuBrul and Cuneo were appointed to defend the affirmative and Messrs. McFadden and Mithen the negative. The debate for the evening: "Resolved, That the business interests of the country demand the passage of the Bankrupt Law," was then held. Mr. J. Kelly in a very eloquent manner opened the debate for the affirmative. He was followed by Joseph Cooke for the negative, who endeavored to prove by past experience that such laws were failures. Mr. Kennedy then took the floor in support of the negative side of the question. Owing to the lateness of the hour it was impossible to finish his argument. He will conclude at the next meeting, and T. Mott will also close for the affirmative.

—Accepting the courteous invitation of Mr. J. H. Newell, General Superintendent, and Mr. C. K. Wilber, Passenger Agent of the L. S. & M. S. RR., Rev. President Morrissey and Prof. J. F. Edwards, of the University, visited the famous engines and trains of the New York Central RR., and the London & Northwestern RR. of England on their arrival at South Bend on Wednesday afternoon. These trains, especially the engines—the great "999" owned by the New York Central & Hudson RR. and the "Queen Empress" of the English railway—had been on exhibition at the World's Fair and were admired by every visitor. "999" was followed by the Wagner Palace Cars which had been at the Exposition, and flat cars carrying the old De Witt Clinton engine and coaches used in the first days of railroading. They were on their return to New York, running only by day and, through the liberal and broad-minded enterprise of the management of the Lake Shore road, stopping at various stations on the way to be inspected by the citizens and pupils of the schools. President Morrissey and Prof. Edwards were received with the utmost courtesy by Messrs. Newell, Wilber and other officials. A dining car followed the English coaches. In this the Lake Shore Company, through Messrs.

Newell and Wilber, invited the guests to partake of a royal banquet prepared under the direction of Chief Denton, Mr. Wilber as usual, did all in his power to enhance the enjoyment of the visit. Mr. Wilber is a typical, whole-souled American Passenger Agent. He seemed to multiply himself and had a kind word for everyone. Many distinguished guests from abroad were on the train, among them Prof. Barrett, Director of the Electrical Building of the World's Fair, father of Mr. John Barrett of Brownson Hall. Before leaving the train all the guests passed a resolution thanking Mr. Newell, Mr. Wilber and the Lake Shore Company for the delights of the day. Great crowds thronged the South Bend depot and admired the powerful locomotives, the best in the world. To them the English machine was a novel sight and a wonder; but the great "999" was unanimously declared to be superior to its English rival.

—FOOTBALL.—The much vaunted "annual" game with the De La Salle Athletic Association, Thursday, Nov. 23, was a grand fizzle. A blinding snow-storm added to the worst exhibition of football seen on our campus was all that repaid the sight-seers who had braved old Boreas to see good ball playing. De La Salle plays football very well in print. In fact they have won an astonishing number of victories in the daily papers; but their prowess ends there. On the field they prove themselves children, squabbling over every decision and even contesting the rulings of their own referee. They showed great surprise when told it was naughty to tackle young men around the neck. They thought it was a good way to display their affection. No; De La Salle cannot play football.

The 'Varsity team played a listless game. It was evident that the members were disgusted at the showing of their opponents, and gladly consented to let the game end with the first half. The slippery condition of the ground and the absence of Dinkle, Studebaker, Barrett and Muessel prevented a greater score. Keough captained the team, and did his utmost to infuse some life into the playing, Zeitler was at his old place at quarter. He is plainly a fixture and will play against Hillsdale. Du Brul was a power. He carried an opponent with the ball five yards before the latter could cry "down." His tackling was superb. The line up was as follows:

NOTRE DAME.

Flannigan	Centre
Chidester	Right Guard
Kirby	Left Guard
Roby	Right Tackle
Schillo	Left Tackle
Cullen	Right End
Hesse	Left End
Zeitler	Quarter Back
Keough, Capt.	Full Back
Du Brul	Left Half
Sinnott	Right Half

DE LA SALLE.

Boyle
Kelly
Wilkes
Frear
Cudahey
Clinnin
Farrell
Williams
Hoyle
Capt. Donahoe
Coy

Referee: Peale; Umpire: Muessel; Time Keeper: D. M. Shively.

THE GAME.

Notre Dame won the toss and took the ball. Without losing the oval, Notre Dame, in less than three minutes, made a touch-down, the ball being carried by Kehoe, Roby, Schillo, Sinnott and Du Brul, made the touch-down and kicked the goal. Coy then made five yards on a wedge play from centre of the field. De La Salle attempted Notre Dame's centre and lost four yards. Donahoe then got the ball but was tackled by Roby with another loss of four yards. The ball was lost on four downs. Next Sinnott, Roby and Du Brul rushed the leather down the fields with big gains. Cullen scored a touch-down. Du Brul kicked goal, and the score stood—Notre Dame, 12; De La Salle, 0. Time, 7 minutes from opening play.

De La Salle opened with a crescent, Hoyle gaining fifteen yards. The ball was fumbled, but recovered quickly. Notre Dame worked the famous U. of P. & Yale trick, and was given six yards for offside play. Sinnott made a ten-yard run around left end; Roby advanced it eighteen; Schillo, thirteen; Cullen, five; then the ball was lost to De La Salle. Hoyle got the ball, attempted the left end, but was tackled by Sinnott—no gain. De La Salle was forced back twenty yards. Hoyle again tried on him—no gain. Frear was tackled by Sinnott—no gain. Hoyle tried the left end—no gain. Four downs and Notre Dame's ball.

Schillo hit the centre for five and Roby the left for ten. Sinnott, Roby and Schillo, in order named, waded through De La Salle's line, Schillo carrying the ball and scoring the third touch-down: Du Brul kicked goal. Time, 19 minutes. Notre Dame, 18; De La Salle, 0.

De La Salle played the wedge. After a gain of ten yards by Coy he was thrown by Du Brul. Donahoe tried Notre Dame's centre: no gain. They were more successful in their next attempt, and Notre Dame gave five yards. They tried the right end without any gain and lost the ball on four downs.

Schillo worked the centre for seven. Roby the left for eight. Roby next made an opening for Schillo, who followed with the ball, and gained eight yards. Du Brul worked the left for six yards; Kirby the right for eight. The ball was then lost on three downs, but was soon returned to Notre Dame. Hoyle endeavored to pass Notre Dame's centre, and the ball was lost in the scrimmage; but Notre Dame recovered it. Roby was foully tackled, and Notre Dame advanced five yards. Schillo pushed left end for seven. Du Brul continued the good work and advanced five yards through the centre. Another foul tackle was allowed and Notre Dame added five yards. It was then De La Salle's ball, and Williams took it; but before advancing any distance he was tackled by Cullen. Then occurred a series of passes, Roby and Du Brul carrying the ball twenty yards.

Roby carried one or two on his back; while endeavoring to go around the left end, he carried them ten yards and was downed. Kirby opened a path through centre for Sinnott for seven yards. Notre Dame tried to push De La Salle's centre, when they fell in a heap. The ball was passed to Roby; Frear jumped on his back, but our big right tackle carried both ball and Frear over the line for a touch-down. Du Brul failed at goal. Score: 22 to 0. Time, 28 minutes.

D. L. S. lined up and Frear got the ball, but was thrown by Kirby with no gain. Hoyle attempted to pass around the right end, but was tackled and thrown by Hesse, no gain. Donahoe was tackled by Zeitler, and the ball passed to Notre Dame on downs. Schillo, assisted by Roby, passed around the right end and advanced the ball twenty yards. Kehoe worked the right for five yards, and Roby the left for eight; but was downed. Hesse took the ball from Roby and was downed. The ball was fumbled, and Notre Dame lost thirteen yards before DuBrul fell on the ball. Kirby passed around the left end and added five yards. The ball was then lost on three downs. De La Salle, after two unsuccessful attempts, lost the ball on a fumble, Kehoe recovering it for Notre Dame.

DuBrul, assisted by Kehoe, Flannigan, Sinnott, Cullen and Schillo, succeeded in carrying the ball fifty yards. DuBrul took the ball over the line, scoring the last touch-down and kicked goal. Score: 28 to 0. Time, 34 minutes.

De La Salle put the ball in play with the "crescent" and gained eleven yards through the centre. Inability to pass the ends and a solid centre caused them to lose ball on downs. The ball was passed to Roby. Three men jumped upon him, and he fell on hands and knees and played the famous "turtle crawl," gaining six yards. Kehoe got the ball and went around the left for thirteen yards. Flannigan, Kirby, Du Brul and Sinnott advanced the ball forty-three yards, when it was lost to De La Salle on a forward pass. Hoyle punted and Kehoe recovered the ball. Roby carried Schillo through the centre for five yards, when the ball was fumbled, but recovered by Zeitler. Roby was then given the ball and after a grand (?) run of 25 yards was thrown. De La Salle declined to continue the game.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bolton, Cullen, Casey, Crawley, Devanney, Davis, Eyanson, J. Fitzgerald, Flannery, Hudson, Hervey, Kuhnert, Kearney, J. McKee, F. McKee, Maurus, McCarrick, McFadden, Marr, H. Mitchell, Murphy, McGarry, Mott, Powers, Pritchard, Ryan, Scherrer, Schopp, Thorn, Walker.

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ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

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